

OVER 13
YEARS OF
PUNK AND
JUNK!

SCRIP+S
MINIONS
MANGINA
KAJUN SS
GENTLEMEN
AMBER ALERTS
TUMOR WARLORD
LIVE FAST DIE
USELESS EATERS
WIZZARD SLEEVE
NAKED INTRUDER
FINAL SOLUTIONS
GARY WRONG GROUP
HIBACHI STRANGLERS
TRUE SONS OF THUNDER



coming soon:
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GENTLEMEN

JETH-ROW



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Brain end Scalp

001, Every thing, Caribs.



Hibachi Stranglers

Wizzard Sleeve Roman N
Paint Gabriel N
Fucks Todd N
Quintrun + Miss Pussy cat
Daikaiju Peelanders 2
UNT2

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brainandscalp@live.com

Or get at me on the FB at Brian Sclap

In the gutter was an empty cardboard box with a piece of notebook paper taped to the front. Attached to the notebook paper was a newsprint clipping of a person's face. Handwritten across the front was a cryptic message alluding to a death from a brain and scalp "enffection,"

followed by some words of encouragement: "Every thing, counts."

Farther into the yard was an empty, plastic two-liter bottle with a similar note attached. "To hoom it may concern." What could it all mean? That depends on hoo it may concern, I guess. Brain and Scalp: Every thing, counts. This goes out to you, Mr. Beezly.



Show Reviews

Kicking off Brain and Scalp's first show review, we take a look back to the October 2nd Alabama Music Box performances of Atlanta's **Baby Baby**, Huntsville/Mobile's **Daikaiju**, and New York/Z Area's **Peelander Z**.

Holla Holla Holla

Speaking of backing it up, **Baby Baby** seemed to be on a mission soliciting free parking to local ladies of the audience. But not before laying down some grit and traction with their first few songs.

What followed was a slightly safer, poppier feel interspersed with open invitations from lead man Fontez Brooks to join him by an interstellar fireside residing in an alternate universe presumably to recreate the Big Bang. However, this did not seem to be a predation upon low self-esteem individuals necessarily, as woven within were self-help styled words of encouragement of the "you-can-do-anything" sort.

Word on the streets is that these guys catch a little flak from some folks who disapprove of the context, but if sex is a negotiation then these fellas are, at the very least, diplomatic about it. Not my brand of whiskey.

Attack!

Next up were fellow Alabamians **Daikaiju** with their assault on not only the stage but later the dance floor, creating a ground zero of high energy and destruction in the Alabama



Music Box. Kaiju being a Japanese term for strange creature or monster, daikaiju refers to the largest varieties of such.

And these fellas definitely do it large. Despite the absence of their largest member, the remaining appendages refused to meet

defeat, passing it off as a mere flesh wound. While I enjoy witnessing the fully assembled creature, there is something to say about this band's ability to maintain potency otherwise.

Not only does their psycho-surf style rock bring more to the stage (and dance floor) than most, they do justice

to the area of science fiction-laced surf rock and do a good job of making the style their own. This isn't just some guy noodling around with back-up players. This shit is punk rock.

Partway through the set, they brought it to the dance



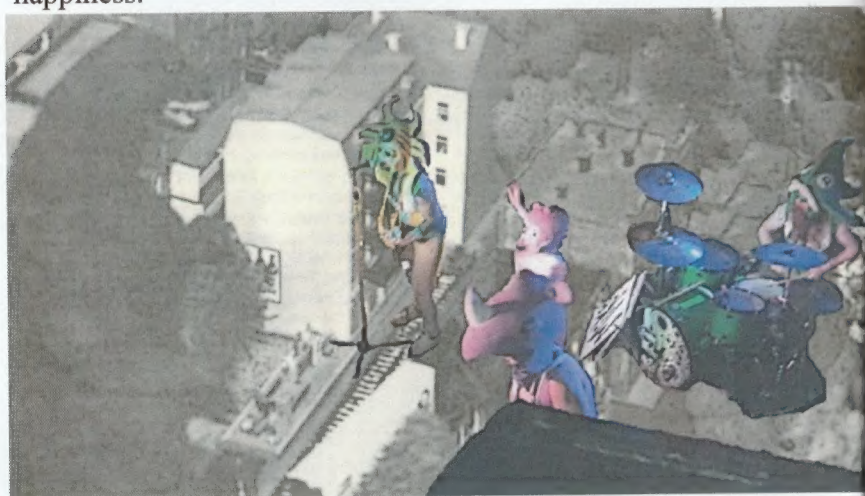
floor. First the drums and amps were moved, and then everything took off again. Audience members formed a circle around the band with many folks climbing the stage as well.

Make sure to respond to their thumbs-up when you see them play. Let them know if you approve or not; they aren't asking for the monitors to be turned up, haha.

Check out **Daikaiju**'s latest self-released split 7-inch with Ampline from earlier this year entitled "Double Fist Attack" and do some reconnaissance for upcoming attacks at: www.daikaiju.org

Not Japanese; Not Human Being

How do you like your **Peelander Z**? Medium Rare! This group is definitely cooked just right and still cool to the core. Hailing from the Z area of planet Peelander, these superheroes are hell bent on saving their audiences' lives through exercise and happiness.



And we're not talking just lip-service. This super group invites onlookers to interact with and join along in an adventure, including having them become the band itself.

Peelander Z brings some straight forward punk rock mixed with dancey rhythms and set it all right down in your kitchen. The audience was given noise makers, encouraged to limbo, form a

train, put on the giant foam cowls, as well as sing along. Always a good time. Catch their latest release from **Chicken Ranch Records** called "Metalander-Z" available in vinyl and cd at: <http://peelander-z.com>

Next up we have three of the five bands from the November 1st show at the **Alabama Music Box**. I missed the first two but thoroughly enjoyed **Wizzard Sleeve**, **ZZZ**, and **Quintron & Miss Pussycat**.

Alabama's Doomed



Wizzard Sleeve had some extra functions making them resemble their twin sister **Gary Wrong Group**. With all-stars known to Mobile such as Gary Wrong himself, Quintron, Roman Gabriel Todd, and

Bobby Sweatpants; pretty much nothing can go wrong (or perhaps everything does, as it were). Complete the line-up with sinisterly smiling Weird Steve, and resistance is futile.

And to prove how futile, I should mention that this show had a few glitches. Now, by definition, the Sleeve is a loose ride, but despite their technical issues they still came off feeling tighter than Hat's dickband.





This is powerful mind-control that always puts me in a trance. They instill the message of misery without all the whining. They're one of those groups that feel like a ride rather than just a simple performance.

The Sleeve spread out with Quintron manning percussin in combination with Sweatpants, amplifying the thrust. A solid, confident, and sneering RGT set the motion with Weird Steve jamming all radar; cool, collected, and with an evil smile. Gary Wrong aka Captain Beyonce took the helm, casting spells and later transforming into a wolf, exposing himself as a loupgarou ala the **WS/GWG** "Halloween Violence" split from **Jeth-Row** and **Pelican Pow Wow**. Alabama's Doomed!



More Like a Buzz



Next up was **ZZZ** from Amsterdam. This misnamed dynamic duo will not put you to sleep! The drummer held down the main vocals while allowing the drumming to have a separate but complimentary plan. If you weren't looking, you might not guess that the same person was doing both. The organist stayed leaned forward with legs braced almost as if he was countering the kind of force that comes from pulling back the throttle.

This is some spacey stuff but cuts through with a rock drive. The vocals seem to be woven into the music and delivered by some intergalactic cowboy. They aren't trying to ride roughshod over no aliens or nothing, just cruising the galaxy looking for the next good time.

Mind Your P and Q

The grand finale brings us to Quintron and Miss Pussycat. I'm going to go ahead and say they put on one tripped-out puppet show. I have never had a puppet show make me feel like I had



taken some mind-altering substance. The audio was super crisp and the black-light reflective colors accentuated the evil that had run amok when a demon cake was released into a baking contest. I could feel my hair crawling and I almost felt uncomfortable in my skin. These two are sonic and visual masters. I continued to feel the phrase "tastey test" dribbling from my mouth for a long time afterwards.

The duo broke loose with Quintron in his jalopy driving straight for you and Miss Pussycat seeming to direct traffic and encourage folks to hop in. The drum buddy was as ever-present as



a flux capacitor, as light emitted from the punched holes in the cylinder. (Have no idea what I'm talking about? Look it up: www.quintronandmisspussycat.com).

These two are electric, man! It was amazing to see Quintron put everything he had into Sleeve and then keep the momentum going. Miss Pussycat kept the sparks flying with a



bright and energetic display of vocal cadence and fluorescent colors. In addition, we ended up with a special treat as Gary Wrong climbed the stage to do a round with Q and P. They knocked out **Gary Wrong Group's** "St. Theo" and followed it up with "Drug Problem" the **Kajun S.S.** tune.

November 15th brought us Mobile's the **Handsome Scoundrels**, North Carolina's **Paint Fumes**, and Mobile's old flame **Hibachi Stranglers** at **The Blind Mule Restaurant and Bar**.

Nerf Herders

I walked in late on the Handsome Scoundrels, but I gotta say I wish these guys would go back and start over. By that I mean the band, not the show. They seem like cool dudes who I'm sure have their audience, though it would seem not many (if any) made it out that night. They appeared a little miffed by the lack of response, but I can't imagine what a total waste of time it must feel like.

High VOCs

Paint Fumes put on a righteous deal. I mean, not the kind of righteousness where you end up being subjected to a bunch of smug smirks from guitar players who look like they're in pain or having awkward orgasms with every tug of the strings. No, these guys show up to just rock out. They're music always feels like it is building up but then floats with haphazardly grace to soften the anxiety. This is the kind of band that permeates introverts and tells them it is ok to come out and play. The drummer pushed a constant



swell of rhythm while one guitar took the cadence of jangling pocket-change. The lead guitar put drunken precision to every step, like the last essence of sobriety in the mind trying to focus on getting to the next beer. **Paint Fumes** have two releases on **Slovenly Records**: an EP "Egyptian Rats" released March of last year and an LP "Uck Life" that came out last December.

Dub Devoid

Hibachi Stranglers get after it like a rocket to the crotch. Still a Mobile stronghold (or at least still moving), these Stranglers are a living testament to the title of their own 2006 **Florida's Dying** release "our city doesn't stink all the time." Actually, they billed themselves as "Mobile's only rock 'n' roll band" which is hilarious because they were also devoid of any of the previously mentioned face-jockeying. It seems they've ground down some edges and kicked some of the old pauses and just made it an engine that runs good enough to go the distance. No over-polishing, just changed the plugs and wires and let the band keep its momentum. Ernie's drumming makes for a solid backbone. Matt and Neil work well together with bass and guitar, Matt's smart style of bass-playing being never boring to hear or watch and Neil's mix of nervous energy and brilliance completing the payload. Alongside the **Florida's Dying 7"**, they have a 2008 **Jeth-Row 7"** called "Parasol Parade." Ehem, time for another one, guys. Last I saw, **Mobile Records** at Sage and Emogene had both in store.

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Record Reviews

w/ Brian Sclap



CUNTZ *Aloha*
Homeless Records
(January 2013)

Aimless but focused.

Marches right out at you.

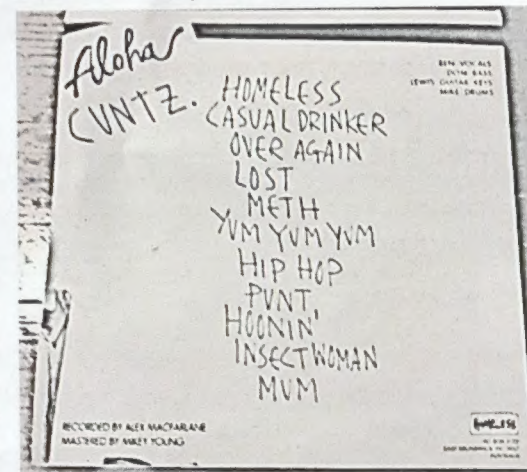
Has an innocently sinister tone that wouldn't seem out of place in any half-conscious drunken dream state.

Drums charge in, feedback in the distance. Parade the guitar. You're in hell

somewhere or maybe you're **homeless**. But there's ice cream. So support the homeless with ice cream. That's what any self-respecting **casual drinker** would do. They would make it a career.

It is a career. But it's **over again**. It's over again.

And over again. And again you find yourself **lost** in this stream-of-consciousness among death-ray keys and guitars. Mom, I'm lost! Dad, I'm lost! Jesus Christ, love! jesus, christ, Love! Maybe it was the **meth**, in your eyes and in your dreams. **Yum yum yum**. Junkies are scum. You're the cunt that got me stoned. Hello?



Flip to the B-side. Swinging and sloshing through the opening sounds, a mild exhaustion steers back and forth from outbursts to delirium. This isn't desperation; this is intensely focused and resolved hopelessness: fuck it, **punt**.

Hoonin'! All alone. Just for fun. On the phone. With some friends. It's quick. It's fun. It's a fast ride from kicking it all downfield to the spider's websack. Here's your cover from Tim and Eric. She's an **insect woman**. Love is in the air. She's a woman, she's an insect girl. An insect girl and suddenly, spider babies. Watch them burst out and spill out across the ground. I think it's time to call me **Mum**. The record just melts into oblivion.

You realize at the end it is all sort of a dream as an unlisted track kicks in: Hey! Wake up! It's your fucking birthday, mate! Happy fucking Birthday! Now go have a great day, guy. Go have a great day. Resolute hopelessness and go have a good day...

On a side note I should mention something about hooning. From what I've gathered, it has to do with reckless behavior with a motor vehicle. Apparently a rampant enough problem in Australia for the colloquial term to make it into some ordinances intended to go after hooning activities. More and more the focus of these laws has turned to reckless watercraft behavior. Still not clear on whether these fellas are defending their right to burn tires or if maybe they're making fun of jackasses on jet skis or something. Whatever they mean, they do it with real style. Maybe that's the

point.



CUNTZ *Solid*

Mates

Homeless Records
(September 2013)

Solid Mates is fucking solid, mate. And also solid is the fact that I still really don't have a handle on hoon yet. What's an Alabama white boi to do?

I need to get my **third world attitude** going. A third world attitude would help me take out the trash. It's **bin day**. Throw it away. Ahh, nevermind. It can wait another week. This sob is still yelling at me, and for some reason I still like it.

And why not, this guy is a good guy. He's aggressively sharing how much he wants to walk this lady's dog. He is forcefully declaring his interest in walking that dog.

What follows is a demonstration of a whole bunch of words that end in **'action** and what seems to be exhaustion over the whole thing. So much of Cuntz sounds like they are mocking complainers, despairers, whiners, and such. They steadily drop the **hammer**. Wahhhh wahhhh wahhhh, groan groan, but this is real. Can you smell me suffering over here.

Flip the record and this guitar line drills at you. The bass drum is keeping step and the keys grab onto the down-strokes. These guys have **never felt better**, but they sound madder than hell. Something about holding a baby, holding a child. When I caught up with Ben from Cuntz to ask him the meaning of the song, I was left feeling a little overdramatic.

BS: What is "never felt better" about?

Ben: getting stoned and holding a new born.

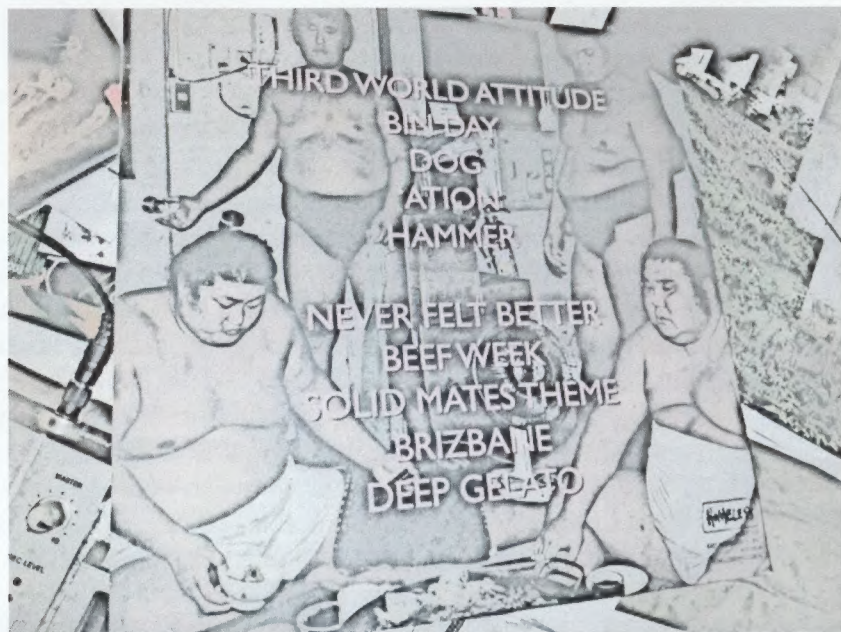
Right on.

It's starting to make a little sense now. Not sure what **beef week** is delivering, but if I had to take a stab I would say it's about a spun-out butcher recalling another mind-numbing day. This shit's about real life. The music matches the franticness. This shit is addictive.

Following that, these Melbourne hoon-goons went with a theme song for this release, appropriately entitled **solid mates theme**. Get your fucking hoon on. I think I'm getting it now.

Let's throw a song about **Brisbane** in there, and then you get a nice jam-out time with **deep gelato**. Constant popping off of drums pushing sludgy guitar/bass.

The finale is a repeated sample of a producer-type calling for lunch after just one more take. Following that is a song inviting



the listener to eat shit and die. What a warm closing. I love the hell out of both of these records.

Brain and Scalp: What's the best thing about Snoop Dogg?

Ben from Cuntz: The Last Meal

BS: How do you feel about Snoop Lion?

Ben: I really don't give a shit.

BS: What does smashing a Denise mean?

Ben: Hamm 'n' Eggs

BS: Btw, solid mates is fuckin solid, mate.

Ben: cheers mate, wait for the next one "Mitch"

BS: Ready for the next US tour already.

Ben: in about 9 months

That little Q&A took place at the end of October. I had just seen them twice in Memphis a month earlier at Gonerfest. I would definitely want to see them again.

Catch up with **Goner Records** or **Total Punk/Florida's Dying** for copies of these records.





Roman Gabriel Todd– Darkness Upon the Face of The What The (self-released)

I've overheard some benign comments about RGT's use of a programmed rhythm section for this EP. "Why did he do it?" But I have to say that the adjustment from "Beast Rising Up Out of the Sea" to "beats rising up out of the sequencer" took almost zero time for me anyway (though I still love me some Benny Divine). You see, that's how it all began.

And besides, he keeps you feeling like you're in a Mortal Kombat game throughout the record, with all the dun-dun-duns and gong banging. "Uncircumcised stranger in the sanctuary!" Haha, FINISH HIM! This is Satanism/anti-theism you can wrap your heart around.

There is a song on here called Black Pope, and I've read one review assuming this to be racial commentary, but I think this is referencing Anton LeVey whom was once referred as the Black Pope. Satanism in School ya'll. Good record. Bass driven badassness. RGT once teamed up with Wizzard Sleeve, including this past Gonerfest, but word is, no more. \$5 plus \$3 for shipping - paypal romangabriel todd@gmail.com BS

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WRONG WAY

with Gary Wrong

The Devil - LP Copy Records 001



Boy O' Boy was I excited for this one to show up on my door step. I've been waiting on a new Country Teasers record for waaaaay too long now. Although this is no CT it's still Ben Wallers through and through but with zero country leanings. It's all killer Fall(isms) as usual with Mr. Wallers and a goddamned Kool Keith Kover (hahahha see what I did there...ouch), "Girls Want You". Fuck. It's insane and lovely and gross with mexi-gunslinger styled guitar work on the intro. Highly recommended! for fans of Country Teasers, The Fall, Kool Keith, Ennio Morricone.. GW

Destry Hampton and the Wolves From Hell - 7" ep - Superior Viaduct Re-Issue from 1978

Hell yeah I have read about these guys but this is the first time actually hearing them. Think, Biker Rock that is on the Punk as Fuck side of the street. It has a definite air of accidental Punk. I can see these guys getting drunk and pissing off a bunch of older



dudes at the bar wanting to hear some Eagles cocaine cowboy rock and getting slapped with this benny popping punch. I LOVE IT! Four song EP. Angel of Darkness and Razor King b/w Paradise and Mean Boys. The titles reinforce where they are coming from. Somewhere in that underpopulated wasteland between Blue Oyster Cult and the Sex Pistols. GW

V/A Die Rotzz / Bastard Sons Of Marvin Hirsch - 7" split - Go Ape Records 007



First up is Die Rotzz, "Can't Stand It" is as good of a place to start as any if you haven't heard these Thud Thug NOLA Punks. Great punk song writing, always solid on all fronts. These dudes know good punk hooks and have been around the freaking block many times. "Rott n' Roll" is more of the same but FANTASTIC! Flipping the record we have Bastard Sons of

Marvin Hirsch "Lock Me Up" and "Skate & Destroy". Marvin is the bass player for Die Rotzz and this is him playing with his teenaged (or less) sons. Stripped down nasty KBD styled punk with a stolen then burned Turbonegro riff. "SKATE & DESTROY" skate and destroy, skate and destroy, skate and destroy! GW

Unholy Two - Cut the Music (I'm the Nightstalker) b/w Razor - 12 x U Records 042

"Cut the Music" is noisy, threatening and BRUTAL (in a non-all-over-print tshirt mall-core floor punching knucklehead way). In my opinion, this IS modern punk. It's nasty. It's raw. It's just as punk informed as it is hardcore and sketchy in a if-you-didn't-know-them-you-might-not-ride-in-the-van-to-go-grab-a-12-pack

sort of way. Did I already say THIS IS PUNK? On the flip is "Razor" and it's an entire song of one breakdown styled riff. Mean



and noisy as fuck. You could actually punch the floor to this one, maybe even pick up some change after you punched the kid next to you in the gut. GW

V/A **Kreamy 'Lectric Santa / Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children McNuggits** - Mayfields All Killer No Filler Records 001? Kreamy 'Lectric Santa side is two songs of 90's styled SouthEast underground rock (punk in some circles) "WoooooAhhhh"s if that means anything to you. The mix and or mastering of this is really not that good, there is no punch and it's just not loud. I'm not a fan but i can see where some people might dig it. Bobby Joe on the other hand is bad, bad, bad. Two songs (including a cover). Get off my turntable. I have avoided this band for years. Judging by what I've been told or over-heard since way back was this was a "you have to be there" or "these are my friends" or whatever....don't care. It's not funny. GW

Sex Crime - Portland, Or. - 7" ep -Danger Records 003 (Paris, France)

Four songs of sharp guitars form an ex-Epoxie (who I can't say I have actually ever heard but they were big shit for a minute) and snotty French Femme vocals over some decent organ/synth lines. Pretty straight forward, mid-paced stuff. Not bad but not really great either. GW



Check out the **Weird Mobile** page on the fassbuuch for some Mobile-area true crime, strange sounds, goofy happenings, bizarre humans, brutal realities....or whatever. The page is run by Gary Wrong and in addition to other Mobile weirdness also highlights his Mobile-based label **Jeth-Row Records** as well as other Mobile-related, cool music.

